

dead prez/RBG/PEOPLE ARMY PRESENTS ...

**turn off the radio**  
**the mixtape vol.2**

dead  
prez

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

**GET FREE OR DIE TRYIN'**

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Fuck The Law"

(feat. The RBG Family & Stic)

Slap a white boy. Snuff your landlord  
Smash some windows. Break the camcord  
Rob the corner store. Bomb the precinct  
Take the CO. Stab the GT  
Pimp the system. Bang for freedom  
Fuck the high schools. Burn the prisons  
Ride on the record labels. Jump your A&R  
Fuck the contract. Push the AR  
Get your bank up. Slip the banks up  
Break the handcuffs. Invade the campus  
Steal some pampers. Smash the cameras  
Fuck the police. Grab the camera

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now  
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Cock your rifle. Rep your people  
Fuck probation. Kidnap your PO  
Run the roadblocks. Smash a TV  
Fuck with DP. Steal the CD  
Kiss my black ass. Nail the judges  
Hang the lawyers. Ride for justice  
Keep it gangsta. Kill the snitches  
Get rid of the middleman. Control your business

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now  
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law  
You wonder why we write up on the wall  
You wonder why we burn the cities down  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Tallahassee Days"

(feat. Stic)

1993  
Southside  
Orange Ave  
Southcity  
Tallahassee Florida  
I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license  
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?  
Yo  
Whoever said life is beautiful lied  
This shit is hell  
I've seen too many funerals  
Too many of my niggas locked in cells  
Nobody ever put me on life was like this  
I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis  
No way out  
And I mean that  
When I say that  
Runnin' round from place to place  
Like a stray cat  
I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing  
I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'  
Still strugglin'  
And a job is a joke  
They ain't hirin'  
The only free ride I get is one with a siren  
So what other choice do I have?  
I got niggas on the ave  
Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half  
So I can stand on my own two  
Be able to have what I need  
So I can do what I want to  
I wish I woulda had a career  
Cause through the years my momma stressed  
Takin care of self  
But I ain't here  
I was caught up  
Sipin on Coors  
Smokin Newports  
Short  
In and out of court  
Without a single thought  
These days I'm out bout to Loc  
Whether I make a record or serve dope  
I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second  
As long as I come up  
Who give a fuck about the method  
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me  
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me  
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right  
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight  
Nigga  
That's how I'm livin  
Low life, runin licks  
Taking big risks  
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right  
Cause without loot it's useless  
My life as a youth was fruitless  
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless  
Plus I got a lady in my life  
That one day just may be my wife  
If I can deal with this crazy strife  
I put love in the air  
Show that I care for her  
Let her know I always be there for her  
But right now the type of life I live  
Can't afford no wife and kid  
I gotta fight for my right to live  
So I cock my hat low  
Snatchin up pocket books and float  
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know  
Whatever it take to make the steps  
I'm ready to take the steps  
Whoever got paps better break theyself

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live  
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal  
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah  
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession  
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?  
*[Incomprehensible]* grew up learnin' lessons in the street  
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age  
That's why I'm filled with rage  
I know the system is responsible  
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper  
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but  
How could I keep my head above the water  
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?  
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr  
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill  
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me  
I swear to God, I'ma set you free  
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'  
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work  
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go  
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye  
Searchin' for the strength to carry on  
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code  
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter  
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder  
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down  
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?  
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around  
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren  
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'  
Killin', I'm a villain because I'm black  
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools  
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose  
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "When Mama Cries"

(feat. Stic, Jamila, Umi & M1)

Why do babies cry?  
Cauz they knew they were born in that violent start  
And my mama cried, on the day I was born cauz she knew I would die

Aw shit, another young brother hit  
They got me doin my dips and loadin my clips  
Bloomberg name place like shit on our lips  
Projects flippin, niggas is shitting on pigs  
It's ain't a war where we live nomore, it's a massacre  
Brothers ain't trying to ride, we in the passenger seat  
And everybody just tryna eat  
But im tryna eat then live get high n get free  
Dont tell me im deceivin myself  
If thas the case I rather meet reality now  
A gun to my face than play fight with police and get shot in the back  
So they can dirty my name and sprinkle some crack  
Tell me that's not how we gettin down  
We have some principals I guess some things is diffrent now  
Broken promises we made to my homie's mom  
They killed her only son and now she cryin in my arms BE STRONG

Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, we will survive  
Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, we're gonna ride

I cried when Tupac died, it was a Friday  
We sat up that whole night, bumping Shawtay  
I felt the same way when I lost my cousin Padre  
Why so many niggas had to go out the hard way  
Nobody knows the reasons we here  
We just surviving from day to day  
Caught up in the game you have to pay to play  
Life is just a series of days that fade away  
Everyday the sun rises but nothing changes

I feel the sadness, I'm tryna console his family  
And tell his mama that her son is still standin  
I know he left you a life that's full of pressure  
But in me you'll find a piece of his spirit  
And as children, the block was our prison  
We couldn't escape the bid that we was given  
Learnin lessons, searchin for directions  
Clingin to the truth, poverty kept us desperate  
With steady grind and with our minds on survival  
Had plans to build a fam without dope or violence

But in a second, niggas is left breathless  
We as caught in this storm, being born as a black men  
And life is tragic, my nigga's in his casket  
They got me loadin clips ready to bust a cracker  
I can't replace him, but I'm here to help you face it  
Consider me your son, 'till it's my time to face death

Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we will survive) we will survive  
Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more  
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we're gonna ride) we're gonna ride

Mama hold your head up high  
Cauz it wont be long, (You gotta be strong) we're gonna ride  
Mama hold your head up high  
It won't be long, (It won't be long) we're gonna ride

Bang for change, Make the change  
That's on everything  
It's on for life



# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Window To My Soul"

My big brother. Revolutionary love  
You know your lil brother love you, dawg  
You know your sister love you, dawg  
You know your mama love you, dawg  
We riding right here with you dawg  
Be strong man. Keep pushing forward. Look here

You're my brother and I love you and I wrote this for ya  
If I could change anything, it's what that dope did to ya  
Coming up, I looked up to being just like you  
Same crease in my khakis tried to dress like you  
You getting swole lifting weights, stocking caps with waves  
I'm trying to see the world how you see it, wearing you shades  
You and pops never really got along, who was right or wrong  
15 years old kicked out all alone in this cold world  
And I can only imagine what you was going through  
Cause I was so young when it happened  
Mama cried like a baby that day  
She never blamed you, it was painful  
Cause she knew the streets was waiting to claim you  
Over time, we could see the hardness in your face  
Wanted to help, but couldn't find the words to say  
I guess I went into denial hoping for the very best  
Stopped believing in they God cause what God would allow this?  
Not in my wildest nightmares, nothing compares  
To see my brother be a crack fiend for all these years  
Tried to send you inspiration when you was locked in the pen  
But soon as you came home you right back on that shit again  
And mama say she don't feel safe with you home  
She got to hide money and lock her room door when she gone  
We still love you but until you find strength in yourself  
And the will power to open up and accept our help  
What can we do? I can't let you terrorize mom dukes  
We feeling like we just gone have to turn you loose  
They say in war there's no victory without casualties  
But when it hits your family that's when you really see

Like a window to my soul, you can see the pain in my life  
Got to make a change in my life (it's a struggle every day)  
And it's not impossible to make a change in my life (gotta keep pushing forward)  
I can make a change in my life, I know (ain't no other way)

I know it's hard coming home to the same old shit  
Ain't nothing changed cause the game don't quit  
The pain inside is still throbbing  
The same conditions that first created the drug problems still exist  
And it's a bitch, got to go to the job or starve

Without a gun every day employees get robbed  
And on days off, we blow off them crumbs like nothing  
Getting high cause a nigga gotta get into something  
But we get trapped in a cycle of pain and addiction  
And lose the motivation to change the condition  
I blame it on the system but the problem is ours  
It's not a question of religion; it's a question of power  
How did black life, my life, end up so hard?  
Why do so much injustice go unresolved?  
Why the ones we call governments be the main causes  
Behind why all the dope is coming through the borders  
Television reporters got the facts distorted  
Making scapegoats of every black youth on the corner  
It's a war even though they don't call it a war  
It's chemical war unleashed on the black and the poor  
And who benefit? the police, lawyers, and judges  
The private owned prison industry with federal budgets  
All them products in the commissary  
Tell me who profits, it's obvious and it's going too good for them to stop it

In my mind, my body, and my soul, I need a change in my life  
We need a change in our lives, you know  
And it's not impossible to make a change in our lives  
We can take the pain from our lives, fa sho

We don't own no boats  
We don't own no planes to bring no dope  
We don't make no cellophane (bags to bag it up)  
We just caught up in the game  
Don't you know

Don't you know it's bigger than this shit  
I know you know. I know what's in your heart dawg  
I love you til the end of time. And again and again  
I'mma be your brother, your comrade, and your friend  
Til we win and even then

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Last Days Reloaded"

(feat. Onyx & Sticky Fingaz)

South suicide Queens  
Brooklyn  
All my soldiers gather up all your arms  
Let's go to war niggas  
Onyx, Dead Prez

*[Fredro Starr:]*

This is America's nightmare  
Red, black, green and don't give a fuck  
Just wanna get free and live it up  
Fuck a 9 to 5, and labels trying to slave us  
Busting 12 gauges, breaking your minds out the cages  
Crips and bloods banging in New York, that's outrageous  
Protesting is hopeless  
We putting lasers and scopes on the toasters  
Shooting at the police in the streets is the focus  
Roll with the rush, it's that official nas  
Got soldiers with pistols that blast  
We living in the last  
My theory is fuck it until the system ain't corrupted  
To the public I'm conducted through ghetto clips and armor metal  
Busting at the feds or Berettas, we never settle  
Til the Rockefeller laws get better  
We all trapped in the hood fucking all together  
It's war forever  
So guns up, if the cops run up on ya  
Hold down your corner, and cock a four pound on em

*[M1:]*

Multiple shots, heard on the block  
And my niggas is popping the cops  
All up in the hood, it's hot  
Living life with my back against the wall, it's over  
Open and sober, holding pistols and repping my culture  
Get it or die trying, us against them, freedom or death  
This how we on it when it ain't nothing left  
Ain't getting locked up no more, ain't buying your raw  
Rocking it up, coming for mine, cocking it up  
This is the last day, hour, minute and second  
So I'm screaming "fuck they law," and carry my weapon  
Warrior code, shoot and reload, and we taking back what we are owed  
We dividing it with my soldiers  
You dare to struggle, you dare to win  
To the OGs and the veterans, spreading that ghetto medicine  
This is my last day, on my word and my balls  
When the people army rise, then the system will fall

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x4]

*[stic.man:]*

Just talking bout takin my own life, into my own hands  
RBG, refine, be a grown man  
See that's what I'm doing, cause I know it's inside of me  
All I gotta do is just bring it to reality, it's  
Fuck the government, but still I gotta pay the rent  
So yeah, I'm for the caper most definite  
Keeping it militant, focused, intelligent  
Pimping the system is basic common sense  
It's still fuck the pig, black power ain't dead  
All that red, white, and blue shit be going to y'all head, see  
We break bread, it's like a game or a sport  
Gotta train everyday to keep your team on point  
Cause still to this day our reparations ain't paid  
And you can see it in the poverty around the way  
It ain't even our own people on BET  
So they gotta get it from somebody, it might as well be me  
Besides, a nigga gotta eat when he hungry  
You see how they sent troops to war for they country  
Niggas worldwide need an army of one  
This revolution to the fullest, put the bullets in the gun nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x8]

*[Sticky Fingaz:]*

Ayo these niggas in the streets ain't ready for no revolution  
But neither am I, I'm at the club getting stupid  
I ain't got no time to think about who's really oppressing me  
I'm too ready to smash the first nigga stressing me  
Far as I'm concerned they got us trained so well  
Look like we doing a good job of killing ourselves  
It don't take heart to pull a trigger, so I'm glad that I'm heartless  
Killing easy, living with it was the hard shit  
I done broke every rule in the Good Book  
Trust me, I memorized The Anarchist's Cookbook  
This nigga here ain't as dumb as you think  
I could make a bomb with the shit that's under your sink  
My name is a number, they trying violate my probation  
Fuck it!  
Throw me in jail, I need a vacation  
Our future is fucked, it don't do no use to pray  
My views is the same views of the youth today  
The last dayz nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!)

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Out In The World"

Now there's two things that's the same  
In every hood, in every ghetto across the world  
And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL  
I had both of those, still got both of those  
I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s  
Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me  
'78 Omega automobile I'm driving  
Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew  
'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do  
And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit  
To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school  
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool  
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old  
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater  
Whole different look, different sound and flavor  
Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons  
15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend  
Went down, found out my girl was cheatin'  
Heart broke, tired, started freakin'  
Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown  
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down  
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'  
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty  
Got me 25, feelin' all of 30  
Went from a lover to straight up hustler  
Stressed a lot, developed clusters

Out in the world(Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)  
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)

2 G, Y2K bug is gone  
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on  
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'  
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major  
Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager  
Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you  
Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through  
Help myself first, then help my people  
'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me  
Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving  
Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me  
Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin'  
Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)  
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)  
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)  
Out in the world (And every time get set back)  
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)  
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)  
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)  
Out in the world (Let us move on)